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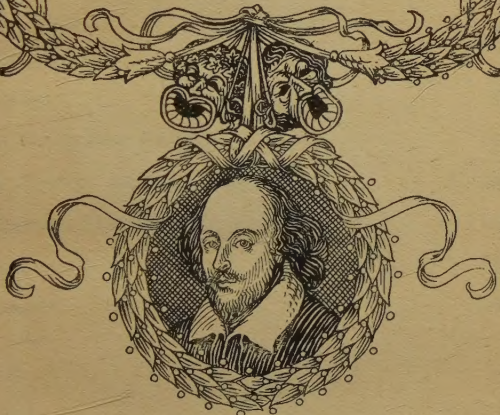
William Shakespeare
From the Original Droeshout Painting

SHAKESPEARE

SONNETS AND OTHER POEMS



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INTRODUCTIONS

BY

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ASSISTED BY JOHN MUNRO

THE SONNETS.—That some of the Sonnets existed in 1598 we know from the *Palladis Tamia* of Meres. Nos. 138, 144,—the key-sonnet, "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," &c.,—were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599; the whole body of them did not appear till 1609, the year of the publication of *Troilus and Cressida*, both publications being evidently without Shakspere's sanction. The *Sonnets* are thus dedicated by Thomas Thorpe, the publisher:

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF .
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
Mr . W . H . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH . T. T.

The first question raisd on this dedication is, whether the word "begetter" is to be taken in the

ordinary meaning of the man who calld the Sonnets forth from Shakspere's mind, or in its less usual sense of "*obtainer, procurer.*"[1] Those who support the latter view rely on the fact that the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets only are written to one man, Shakspere's fair friend Will; while the second group, Nos. 127–154, are written to or about Shakspere's dark mistress. (Some make a third group of two Sonnets, Nos. 153, 154, on Cupid.)[2] They argue then that there cannot be an "only begetter" of the Sonnets, because there are two begetters. But looking to the facts that the two Cupid Sonnets (153–4) are on Shakspere's mistress, that the dark mistress is involvd in Shakspere's friendship for Will, and that the relation between them is treated in the first group of Sonnets; seeing that in Sonnets 38 and 78, Shakspere's verse is said to be solely begotten by Will, "whose influence is thine, and born of thee," and is contrasted with Will's influence as but only an improver of other poets' verse (see also No. 100), I think W. H. may fairly be calld the "begetter" of the Sonnets. It is certain also that Shakspere promist his friend "eternitie" through his Sonnets: see 18 (l. 9–14), 55, 60 (l. 13–14), 65, 81, 107 (l. 10–14). That the "W." was Will, we know from Sonnets 135, 136,

[1] If this were the meaning, why should Thorpe say "onlie begetter"?

[2] This arrangement by Groups is some evidence that it is Shakspere's own. The so-called Sonnet 126 is only twelve lines of couplet ryme. Sonnet 145 has been supposed spurious, as it is in four-measure ryme instead of five. But it is linkt to 142 and 144. I hold it genuine. The form of Shakspere's Sonnets is less strict than those of the Italian poets. It consists of three four-line stanzas of alternate five-measure ryme, ending with a couplet, *abab, cdcd, efef, gg*. See Mr. C. Tomlinson's Book on *The Sonnets* (Murray), 1874.

143. What the "H." meant is a far more difficult question. From the printing of all "hues," as "*hews*" in italics in the original xx. 7, some have supposed that the begetter's name was Hughes.[1] Others have decided that the "H." means Herbert—William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom and whose brother the first Folio of Shakspere's works was dedicated by his fellow-players;[2] while many critics of the topsy-turvy, or cart-before-the-horse school, have decided that "W. H." means "H. W."—Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.—I don't think it matters much who "W. H." was. The great question is, do Shakspere's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspere students, and not Shakspere fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceivd that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing,[3] poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspere's growth and life, could ever have been conceivd to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears. And I believe that if the acceptance of them as such had not involvd the consequence of

[1] George Chapman had a friend, Master Robert Hughes. *See* the Preface to the Reader, prefixed to his *Homer* (Chatto and Windus), p. 4.—H. Littledale.

[2] Mrs. Stopes contends that Wm. Herbert is not the man, as he didn't come to London till 1598, and so there's not time for his friendship with Shakspere, his taking the dark lady from him, &c., all in a few months: there is no evidence that Southampton knew Shakspere earlier.

[3] The great Sonnet on Lust, No. 129, is the result of experience, not only observation, and speaks the poet's deepest feelings.

Shakspere's intrigue with a married woman, all readers would have taken the Sonnets as speaking of Shakspere's own life. But his admirers are so anxious to remove every stain from him, that they contend for a non-natural interpretation of his poems. They forget the difference of opinion between Elizabethan and Victorian times as to those sweet sins of the flesh, where what is said to be stolen is so willingly given.[1] They forget the cuckoo cry (*Love's Labour's Lost*, end) rising from nearly all Elizabethan literature, and that the intimacy now thought criminal was then in certain circles nearly as common as handshaking is with us. They forget Shakspere's impulsive nature, and his long absence from his home. They will not face the probabilities of the case, or recollect that David was still God's friend though Bathsheba livd. The Sonnets are, in one sense, Shakspere's Psalms. Spiritual struggles underlie both poets' work. For myself, I'd accept any number of "slips in sensual mire" on Shakspere's part, to have the "bursts of (loving) heart" given us in the Sonnets.[2]

[1] Compare the "William the Conqueror came before Richard the Third" story, about Shakspere, R. Burbage, and the citizen's wife.

[2] Sidney Lee first held that the Sonnets were addrest to Southampton, whose career they suit so well, but holds, too, that Mr. W. H. was William Hall, who was known by these initials, and whose name is supposed by some to be cunningly disclosed in the third line of Thorpe's dedication, "Mr. W. H. ALL," &c. Hall's initials are used in a somewhat similar dedication to Southwell's poems in 1606, and both this book and Shakspere's *Sonnets* proceeded from the press of George Eld, long associated with Thomas Thorpe (*A Life of William Shakespeare*, 1899, pp. 329-31). Lee now holds that the Sonnets are, in the main, fanciful, just written in the fashion of the time: every one was then writing sonnets, and Shakspere did but imitate his neighbours. This theory makes the mistake of judging Shakspere by his inferiors, instead of by Spenser, who wrote his heart in his Sonnets. According to Mrs. Stopes's interpretation, the Sonnets were mostly addrest to

The true motto for the first group of Shakspere's Sonnets is to be seen in David's words, "I am distrest for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." We have had them reproduced for us Victorians, without their stain of sin and shame, in Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning's glorious Sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, "Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou dost love me." We may look upon the Sonnets as a piece of music, or as Shakspere's 'pathetic sonata,' each melody introduced, dropt again, brought in again with variations, but one full strain of undying love and friendship through the whole. Why could Shakspere say so beautifully for Antonio of *The Merchant*, "All debts are cleard between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure"? Why did he make Antonio of *Twelfth Night* say, "A witchcraft drew me hither"? Why did he make Viola declare—

> "And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
> To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die"?

Why did he paint Helena alone; saying

> "'T was pretty though a plague
> To see him every hour; to sit and draw
> His arched brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,

Southampton and were written at the instigation of William Harvey (Thorpe's W.H.), who married the Countess of Southampton as her third husband in 1598, and who, as he probably joind in Burleigh's and the Countess's prayers to young Southampton to wed, *may* have askt Shakspere to assist them in his Sonnets. The dark woman, to whom others of the Sonnets were addrest, is, however, a more difficult problem in exegesis.—M.

In our heart's table,—heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics"?

Because he himself was Helena, Antonio. A witchcraft drew him to a "boy," a youth to whom he gave his

"Love without pretension or restraint,
All his in dedication."

Shakspere towards him was as Viola towards the Duke. He went

"After him I love more than I love these eyes,
More than my life."

In the Sonnets we have the gentle Will, the melancholy mild-eyed man, of the Droeshout[1] portrait. Shakspere's tender, sensitive, refined nature is seen clearly here, but thru a glass darkly in the plays.

I have no space to dwell on the sections into which I separate the Sonnets,[2] and which follow in the table below. I will only call special attention to sections 9 and 11β (Nos. 71–4, 87–93), in which Shakspere's love to his friend is so beautifully set forth, and to section 13 (Nos. 97–99), in which Will's flower-like

[1] Pronounce "Drooz-howt": *hout* is wood, *droes* is giant. (*See* Frontispiece.)

[2] Mr. T. Alfred Spalding (*Gentleman's Magazine*, March, 1878) divided the first group of 126 Sonnets into 3 classes: I. From Familiarity to Friendship (1 to 25); II. Clouds (ending in separation, 26 to 96); III. Reconciliation (97-126). His sections are: I. 1-14 (familiarity only), 15-25 (deepening affection). II. 26-32 (Sh.'s feelings when separated from Will), 33-38 (Sh. cut to the heart by Will's *sensual* = *selfish* act of denying him as a friend), 39 (second absence), 40-42 (Will's intrigue with S.'s mistress), 43-55 (third absence—reaching to No. 96—S.'s thoughts centred on his friend), 56-8 (their separation becoming more certain), 59-65 (S. finds relief in his art), 66-74 (unmitigated gloom; S. wishes to be out of the world), 75-86 (S.'s love for Will; but by a rival he is deposed from Will's heart), 87-90 (S.'s love and self-denial; the cry of an agonised heart), 91-96 (Sh. still loves Will, through all his faults). III. Reconciliation (97-126). Mr. Spalding's article is worth careful study.

beauty is dwelt on, as Shakspere's love for him, in absence recalld it. Let those who want to realise the difference between one kind of friendship and another, contrast these Sonnets of Shakspere's with Bacon's celebrated essay on Friendship. On this point I quote the first page of a paper sent in to me at my Bedford Lectures:—

"There are some men who love for the sake of what love yields, and of these was Lord Bacon; and there are some who love for 'love's sake,' and loving once, love always; and of these was Shakspere. These do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being; and having become part of themselves, to part with that part would be to be dismembered. Therefore if change or sin corrupt the engrafted limb, the only effect is that the whole body is shaken with anguish,

"'And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrongs, than hate's known injury.'
—*Sonnet* 40.

The offending member may be nursed into health, or loved into life again; but—forsaken!—never!"—M. J.

The thoughtless objection that many Sonnets in this group confuse the sex of the person they're addrest to, is answerd by Shakspere himself in Sonnet 20 on the master-mistress of his passion.

ANALYSIS OF GROUP 1. SONNETS 1–126.

Sect.	Sonnets.	
1.	1–25.	α. 1–17. Will's beauty, and his duty to marry and beget a son.
		β. 18–25. Will's beauty, and Shakspere's love for him.

Sect.	Sonnets.	
2.	26–32.	First Absence. Shakspere travelling, and away from Will.
3.	33–5.	Will's sensual fault blamed, repented, and forgiven.
4.	36–9.	Shakspere has committed a fault that will separate him from Will. (? 2nd Absence in 39.)
5.	40–2.	Will has taken away Shakspere's mistress. (*See* Group 2, § 6, Sonnets 133–6.)
6.	43–61. α. 43–55.	Second Absence. Will absent. Shakspere has a portrait of him.
	β. 56–8.	The sovereign: slave watching: so made by God.
	γ. 59–60.	Will's beauty.
	δ. 61.	Waking and watching. Shakspere has *rivals*.
7.	62–5.	Shakspere full of self-love, conquerd by Time, which will conquer Will too: yet Shakspere will secure him eternity.
8.	66–70.	Shakspere (like Hamlet) tired of the world: but not only on public grounds. Will has mixt with bad company; but Shakspere is sure he is pure, and excuses him.
9.	71–4.	Shakspere on his own death, and his entire love for his friend. (Compare the death-thoughts in *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*.[1])
10.	75–7.	Shakspere's love, and always writing on one theme, his Will, with the present of a table-book dial and pocket looking-glass combined in one, by Shakspere to Will.
11.	78–93. α. 78–86.	Shakspere on his rivals in Will's love. (? G. Chapman, the rival poet.[2])

[1] I do not think that "The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,' 74, l. 11, alludes to an attempt to stab Shakspere. I believe it is the "confounding age's cruel knife" of 63, l. 10.

[2] "The proud full sail of his great verse," 86, l. 1, probably alludes to the swelling hexameters of Chapman's englishing of *Homer*. "His

Sect.	Sonnets.	
11. (*cont.*)	78-93. β. 87-93.	Shakspere's farewell to Will: most beautiful in the self-forgetfulness of Shakspere's love.
12.	94–6.	Will vicious. Yet Shakspere loves him.
13.	97–99.	Third Absence. Will's flower-like beauty, and Shakspere's love for him; followd by faults on both sides, and a separation,[1] ended by Will's desire, 120, l. 11.
14.	100–121. α. 100–112.	Renewing of love, three years after the first Sonnets (104). Shakspere's love stronger now in its summer than it was in its spring, 102, l. 5; 119, l. 10-12.[2] Note

spirit, by spirits taught to write," l. 5, may well refer to Chapman's claim that Homer's spirit inspired him, a claim made, no doubt in words, before its appearance in print in his *Tears of Peace*, 1609, Inductio, p. 112, col. i. (Chatto and Windus ed.)—

> " I am, said he [Homer], *that spirit Elysian*,
> That . . . . . *did thy bosom fill*
> *With such a flood* of soul, that thou wert fain,
> *With exclamations of her rapture then*,
> To vent it to the echoes of the vale . . .
> . . . . . and *thou didst inherit*
> *My true sense*, for the time then, *in my spirit;*
> *And I invisibly went prompting thee.*" . . .

See, too, on Shakspere's sneer at his rival's "affable familiar ghost, which nightly gulls him with intelligence," l. 9, 10, Chapman's Dedication to his *Shadow of Night* (1594), p. 3, "not without having drops of their souls like an heavenly *familiar*," and in his *Tears of Peace*, p. 123, col. 2—

> " Still being persuaded by the shameless night,
> That all my reading, writing, all my pains,
> Are serious trifles, and the idle veins
> Of *an unthrifty angel that deludes*
> *My simple fancy.*" . . .

These make a better case for Chapman being the rival, than has been made for any one else. (Prof. Harold Littledale gave me some of these references.)

[1] Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux, in Coleridge.

[2] The doctrine here that "ruin'd love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first," was also put into Tennyson's *Princess* in its "Blessings on the falling-out, that all the more endears"; but was rightly taken out again.

Sect.	Sonnets.		
14.	100-121. (*cont.*)	α. 100-112.	the "hell of time," 120, l. 6, that Will's unkindness has made Shakspere pass.[1]
		β. 113–114.	Fourth absence. Shakspere sees Will in all nature.
		γ. 115–121.	Shakspere describes his love for Will, and justifies himself.
15.	122–126.		Shakspere excuses himself for giving away Will's present of some tables, again describes his love for Will, and warns Will that he too must grow old.

With regard to the second group of Sonnets, we must always keep Shakspere's own words in No. 121 before us :—

"I am that I am[2]; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

Still I think it is plain that Shakspere had become involvd in an intrigue with a married woman who threw him over for his friend Will. She was dark, had beautiful eyes, and was a fine musician, but false. The most repulsive of the Sonnets is no doubt No. 129. But that and the others plainly show that Shakspere knew that his love was his sin (142), and that in his supposed heaven he found hell.[2] Adultery in those

[1] "And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."—*Coleridge.*

[2] Compare Iago's "I am not what I am," in *Othello*, I. i., and Parolles's "Simply the thing I am shall make me live," in *All's Well*, IV. iii.

[3] Sonnets 119, lines 2, 8; 147, lines 1. 14.

days was no new thing—was treated with an indifference that we wonder at now—and is so in some countries of Europe to this day. What was new, is that which Shakspere shows us, his deep repentance for the sin committed. Sad as it may be to us to be forced to conclude that shame has to be cast on the noble name we reverence, yet let us remember that it is but for a temporary stain on his career, and that thru the knowledge of the human heart he gaind by his own trials we get the intensest and most valuable records of his genius. It is only those who have been thru the mill themselves, that know how hard God's stones and the devil's grind.

The Second Group of Sonnets, 127–154, I divide into—

Sect.	Sonnets.	
1.	127.	On his mistress's dark complexion, brows, and eyes. (Cp. Biron on his dark Rosaline, in *Love's Labour's Lost*.)
2.	128.	On her, his music, playing music (the virginals).
3.	129.	,, after enjoying her. He laments his weakness.
4.	130.	,, a chaffing description of her. (Compare Marlowe's *Ignoto; Lingua*, before 1603, in *Dodsley*, ix. 370; and Shirley's *Sisters*: "Were it not fine," &c.)
5.	131–2.	Tho' plain to others, his mistress is fairest to Shakspere's doting heart. But her deeds are black; and her black eyes pity him.
6.	133–6.	She has taken his friend Will from him (cp. 40–42). He asks her to restore his friend (134), or to take him as part of her (and his) Will (135). If she'll but love his name, she'll love him (Shakspere), as his name too is Will (136).

Sect. Sonnets.

7. 137–145. Shakspere knows his mistress is not beautiful, and that she 's false, but he loves her (137). Each lies to and flatters the other (138). Still if she 'll only *look* kindly on him, it 'll be enough (139). She must not look too cruelly, or he might despair and go mad, and tell the world that ill of her that it would only too soon believe (140). He loves her in spite of his senses (141). She has broken her bed-vow; then let her pity him (142). She may catch his friend if she will but give him a smile (143). He has two loves, a fair man, a dark woman who'd corrupt the man (144, the *Key-Sonnet*). She was going to say she hated him, but, seeing his distress, said, not him (145).

8. 146. (? Misplaced.) A remonstrance with himself, on spending too much, either on dress or outward self-indulgence, and exhorting himself to give it up for inward culture. (The blank for two words in line 2, I fill with "Hemd with:|" cp. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1022, "Hemd with thieves.") Note his belief in the immortality of the soul, declared in l. 14.

9. 147–8. Shakspere's feverish love drives him mad, his doctor—Reason—being set aside (147). Love has obscured his sight (148).

10. 149–152. He gives himself up wholly to his mistress; loves whom she loves, hates whom she hates (149). The worst of her deeds he loves better than any other's best (150). The more he ought to hate her, the more he loves her. He is content to be her drudge, for he loves her (151). Yet he 's forsworn, for he 's told lies of her goodness, and she has broken her bed-vow; he has broken twenty oaths (152).

Sect.	Sonnets.
11.	153–4. (May be made Group III., or Division 2 of Group II.) Two sonnets lighter in tone. In both Cupid sleeps, has his brand put out, in (153) a fountain, (154) a well, which the brand turns into medical baths; Shakspere comes for cure to each, but finds none. He wants his mistress's eyes for that (153). Water cools not love (154).

The Sonnets stretch, I believe, over many years; the existence of a few, even the first six-and-twenty, in 1598, would satisfy Meres's mention. That three years elapst between the Sonnets 100–112, and certain former Sonnets, is clear from 104. Sonnet 66 must surely be about the *Hamlet* time; and the extreme difficulty of construing some of the Sonnets, for instance, 107 (for which I cannot admit Mr. Massey's interpretation), points to their composition in Shakspere's Third Period. But whatever their date, I wish to say with all the emphasis I can, that in my belief no one can understand Shakspere who does not hold that his Sonnets are autobiographical, and that they explain the depths of the soul of the Shakspere who wrote the plays. I know that Browning was against this view, and held that if Shakspere *did* "unlock his heart in his Sonnets," then "the less Shakspere he." But I'd rather take, on this question, the witness of the greatest poetess of our Victorian age, nay of all time yet, and ask whether she was the less, or the greater and truer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning,[1]

[1] "Honour, again, to the singers of the brief poems, to the lyrists and sonneteers! O, Shakespeare, let thy name rest gently among them, perfuming the place. We 'swear' that these sonnets and songs do verily breathe, 'not of themselves, but *thee*'; and we recognise and

or poet, because she unlockt *her* heart in *her* Sonnets,[1] or because she "went forward and confest to her critics that her poems had her *heart and life* in them, they were not empty shells." "I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being,—but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain" (Pref. ed. 1844). And this is why she has drawn to her all noble souls. If any poet has faild in attaining the like result, let him know that it is because he has not used her means. He has kept his readers outside him, and they in return have kept him outside them, not taking him, as they've taken her, into their hearts. It is the heart's voice alone that can stir other hearts.

The man to understand the Sonnets is the romantic, one who has Shakspere's spirit of self-renunciation in him, who has felt—as some of us did for Ruskin in our early days—that we could give up ourselves and our all for our hero and our friend. To such a man or woman the Sonnets speak home.

I always ask that the Sonnets should be read

bless them as short sighs from thy large poetic heart, burdened with diviner inspiration." . . . "Sidney, true knight, and fantastic poet, whose soul did too curiously inquire the fashion of the beautiful —the fashion rather than the secret,—but left us in one line, the completest *Ars Poetica* extant—

'*Foole*, sayde my Muse to mee, *looke in thine heart, and write*,' thy name be famous in all England and Arcadia! And Raleigh, tender and strong, of voice sweet enough to answer that 'Passionate Shepherd,' yet trumpet-shrill to *speak the 'Soul's errand,' thrilling the depths of our own!*" . . .—*English Poets*, pp. 143-5, ed. 1863. *This* is the teaching that such of our modern poets as are not mere tinkling cymbals, but have souls, need, and that the student of Shakspere's *Sonnets* must recollect. Is Shakspere the less for having unlockt his heart in his Sonnets? It's only folk less than the noble poetess, who think so.

[1] Is not Tennyson's heart in his *In Memoriam*?

between the Second and Third Periods, for the "hell of time," of which they speak, is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that Period seems to me to be, "there shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin," and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear. Munro adds:—

"Till fresh evidence turns up we cannot be certain who W. H., or the dark lady was; and it is almost waste of time to bother about them.

"Tyler,—reports of whose papers on the *Sonnets* will be found in the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1880–6, and his book on the *Sonnets*, 1890, and who warmly espousd the Pembroke theory,—tried to show that the dark lady was Miss Mary Fytton, who became implicated with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. Mrs. Stopes, who forewarns us by the careful statement that she *knows* nothing of Mrs. Field—the French wife of Shakspere's friend and publisher—declares that she fulfils all the necessary requirements, and may have been intimate with Shakspere.

"The allegorists have been busy here, too, as elsewhere in the works of Shakspere. He was addressing his Ego, we may believe, the divine spirit of Beauty, or himself. A similar variety is offerd in regard to the mysterious woman: was she the Holy Roman Church, the Spirit of wine and luxury, corrupting man amid his prime and

beauty, the poet's Darker Muse, or the Drama? Or were the Sonnets after all mere exercises of the intellect and fancy on various subjects? Those who think so and declare the Sonnets were conventional compositions, do not explain why the figures concernd in them are not conventional figures. The dark woman was not a type which would appeal to the Elizabethan man. Others, not agreeing in the poems' autobiographical character, deny that Shakspere could have had the relations which the Sonnets imply with another man's wife. These, in their turn, forget the conditions under which the poet was married, and do not make allowance for the times in which he livd. Most ingenious of all, perhaps, was the theory of Delius that the Sonnets are offshoots on themes which had arisen in Shakspere's early plays.

"The 'expositions' of several generations seem, therefore, only to have complicated the problems which all have sought to solve. The reader will be well advised to let these problems rest. He may believe, with the majority of the great critics, that here the heart of Shakspere is indeed unlockt; here, without a knowledge of the persons implicated, whom a kindly oblivion has engulft, he will find, all the same, the poet's clear beauty of thought and expression. For him still is utterd what Professor Dowden in his scholarly and able introduction[1] has termd, 'the varying feelings of at least three years [civ.]—three years of loss and gain, of love, wrong, wrath, sorrow, repentance, forgiveness, perfected union.'"

1 All students should consult his edition of the *Sonnets*, 1905.

"'THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME,' by W. Shakespeare," was first publisht in 1599. In the middle of sheet G is a second title: "Sonnets To sundry notes of Musicke." *The Pilgrim* is a collection, made by the piratical publisher, William Jaggard, of some genuine Sonnets, &c., by Shakspere, Richard Barnfield, Bartholomew Griffin, Christopher Marlowe, and other writers unknown, got from divers printed books and other sources. Thirteen years afterwards, in 1612, the same pirate, Jaggard, reprinted *The Pilgrim* as Shakspere's, calld it "newly corrected and augmented," and put into it, under Shakspere's name, and to his disgust, two poems by Thomas Heywood,[1] for which the latter publicly reproacht Jaggard. A third edition still further "augmented" appeard in 1640. The rascally publisher issued the book as Shakspere's in order to get a good sale. The original edition (reprinted in due order in the *Leopold* and *Globe* eds.) contains—1, 2. Shakspere's Sonnets 138 and 144, with various readings. 3. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii., p. 82–3, "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye." 4. The

1 From his *Troia Britannica*, 1609, which proceeding, says Dyce, was thus noticed by Heywood in the Postscript to his *Apology for Actors*, also printed in 1612: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [*Troia Britannica*], by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steale them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name; but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath publisht them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." "Heywood having thus claimd his own, Jaggard cancelld the title-page of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, on which was the name of Shakespeare, and substituted a title-page without any author's name." (This pirate Jaggard's name was William.)

first Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Sweet Cytherea." 5. Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. pp. 76–7, "If love make me forsworn." 6. The second Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Scarce had the sun." 7. Three stanzas of six, "Fair is my love" (to be compared with Sonnet 138, No. 1 here). 8. Richard Barnfield's first Sonnet[1] from his *Poems: In diuers humors* (1598). It was written, "To his friend Maister R. L., In praise of Musique and Poetrie" (p. 189, ed. Grosart, Roxburghe Club, 1876), and begins, "If music and sweet poetry agree," and is one of his "fruits of vnriper yeares." 9. The third Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Fair was the morn," incomplete as now, without its second line. 10. Two stanzas of six lines each, "Sweet rose." 11. The fourth Venus and Adonis Sonnet, by Bartholomew Griffin, Sonnet III. in his *Fidessa*, (1596), sign B 2, but now with new mistakes and various readings, and new lines 9–12, whence got, is unknown. 12. "Grabbed age and youth." 13. "Beauty." 14. "Good night," each two stanzas of six, and not Shakspere's, I think. 15. "Lord, how mine eyes," three stanzas of six. 16. (Here begin the "Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke," with) a spurious set of quatrains (*aaab*), "It was a lording's daughter,"—of

[1] Both this and No. 21, "As it fell," though in Barnfield's first edition of 1598, publisht by John Jaggard, were, like all the rest of the *Poems* but two, left out of the second edition of *Lady Pecunia*, &c., in 1605, "to be sold by John Hodgets, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, a little beneath Paules Schoole." But that this outleaving does not imply that the two poems were Shakspere's, or not Barnfield's, Mr. Grosart shows in his edition of Barnfield, 1876, p. xxxi. I wish the Sonnet, with its love of Spenser, had been Shakspere's.

course not Shakspere's. 17. Dumain's poem to his "most divine Kate," in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. p. 85, "On a day." 18. "My flocks feed not," from Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597: clearly not Shakspere's. 19. "Whenas thine eye." 20. Marlowe's "Live with me, and be my love" (sung by Izaak Walton's handsome milkmaid), with the *Reply* ascribed to Sir Walter Raleigh. 21. Richard Barnfield's Ode, "As it fell upon a day," from his *Poems: In diuers humors* (1598), 56 lines.

The dates of these poems vary, I suppose, from 1589 to 1599, or so. The first three Venus and Adonis Sonnets are to me so much easier in flow and lighter in handling than the *Venus and Adonis* itself, that, if they are Shakspere's, I cannot suppose them to have been written before that poem. They seem to me worthy of Shakspere in his young-man's time. In addition to Nos. 8, 11, 16, 18, 20, and 21, noted above as not being Shakspere's, I suppose that 10, 13, 14, 15, are not his either. About No. 19, I doubt: that "to sin and never for to saint," and the whole of the poem, are by some strong man of the Shakspere breed. Mr. Grosart has shown in his Prefaces to his editions of Barnfield's *Poems* and Griffin's *Fidessa*, that there is no reason to take from the first, his Ode (No. 21) and his Sonnet (No. 8), or from the second, his Venus and Adonis Sonnet (No. 11), many of whose readings the *Passionate Pilgrim* print spoils. No. 12 I like to think Shakspere's; and No. 7 goes so well with No. 1, that though I see nothing distinctively Shakspere's in it, I suppose it may be his.

"THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE" first appeard with Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr* in 1601. The title to Chester's poem is :—

LOVE'S MARTYR : | OR, | ROSALIN'S COMPLAINT.— *Allegorically shadowing the truth of Loue,* | in the constant Fate of the Phœnix | *and Turtle.* | A Poeme interlaced with much varietie and raritie ; | *now first translated out of the venerable Italian* Torquato | Cæliano, by ROBERT CHESTER. | With the true legend of Famous King *Arthur,* the last of the nine | Worthies being the first *Essay* of a new *British* Poet : collected out of diuerse Authenticall Records. | *To these are added some new compositions, of seuerall moderne Writers* | *whose names are subscribed to their seuerall workes, vpon the* | *first subiect* | : *viz. the* Phœnix *and*— Turtle. | *Mar : Mutare Dominum non potest liber notus* | LONDON | *Imprinted* for E. B. | 1601 |

Then follows at p. 165 (wrongly numberd for 169) a secondary heading to those poems of which *The Phœnix* and *Threnos* form part :—

HEREAFTER | FOLLOW DIVERSE | Poetical Essaies on the former Sub- | iect ; viz. : the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*— *Done by the best and chiefest of our* | moderne writers, with their names sub- | scribed to their particular workes : | *neuer before extant* | and (now first) consecrated by them all generally, | *to the loue and merite of the true-noble Knight,* | Sir Iohn Salisburie. | *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* | MDCI.

The Phœnix and the Turtle has been generally regarded as genuinely Shakspere's. The sole evidence to that end is the name of the poet at the foot of

the piece in Chester's book. It may be his. It is thought to refer to Queen Elizabeth and a mythic spouse, not Essex.—M.

"A LOVER'S COMPLAINT" appeard at the end of the *Sonnets* in the 1609 edition. I regard it as probably an *unfinisht* poem, designd in contrast to the *Sonnets*. In the *Complaint* you have a simple and beautiful maiden led into wrong, like Chaucer's Criseyde, by an appeal to her woman's pity; in the *Sonnets* you have a dark, passionate, worldly woman desired by men, leading into wrong, like the Cressida of Shakspere. The young man of the *Sonnets* is at first pure, beautiful, chaste, and is led into wrong by the temptress; the young man of the *Complaint* is worldly and sophisticated, passionate, desired by women and responsible for the maiden's wrong. Had the poem been continued some relation *might* have disclosed between the old man and the poet of the *Sonnets*. In the *Complaint* you have a worldly man tempting a woman; in the *Sonnets* a worldly woman tempting a man. While the *Complaint* is enacted in pastoral surroundings, however, little indication of place is to be discoverd in the *Sonnets*.

The printing of the *Lover's Complaint* with the *Sonnets*, with which it is linkt, is the external evidence that Shakspere wrote it. There is plenty of internal evidence in the constant Shaksperian touches. (*See* Delius's paper on the poem in the *Jahrbuch*.)—M.

SONNETS

SONNETS

I

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the riper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory:
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,

To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserved thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer,—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"—
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unbless some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.
But if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?

Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unused beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
Or ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigured thee.
Then what could death do if thou shouldst depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII

Lo! in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pitch with weary car,

Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract, and look another way.
So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee,—"Thou single wilt prove none."

IX

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,

The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident.
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art beloved of many,
But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodged than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lies wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more:
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish.
She carved thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,

Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give:
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know,
You had a father: let your son say so.

XIV

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,

But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
  Of else of thee this I prognosticate,
  Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

XV

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
  And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
  As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue,

And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretchéd metre of an antique song:
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhyme.

XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds to shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-lived phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,

And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;
And for a woman wert thou first created;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

XXI

So is it not with me, as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay
well;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,

As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

XXIII

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'ercharged with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be then the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:
My body is the frame wherein 't is held,

And perspective it is best painter's art;
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictured lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV

Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumphs bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
But as the marigold at the sun's eyes;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

XXVI

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
To thee I send this written embassage,
To witness duty, not to show my wit:
Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st
prove me.

XXVII

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work 's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,

Makes black night beauteous, and her old face
new.
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII

How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the
even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength
seem stronger.

XXIX

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

XXX

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe.
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before:
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

XXXI

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things removed, that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
That due of many now is thine alone:
Their images I loved I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall
cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought;
"Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing
age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
  But since he died, and poets better prove,
  Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now
  Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
  Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's
    sun staineth.

XXXIV

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke?
'T is not enough that through the cloud thou
    break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,

For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.
Ah! but those tears are pearl, which thy love sheds,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done;
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And lóathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

XXXVI

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:

So shall these blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame:
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

XXXVIII

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who 's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rhymers invocate;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.
If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX

O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave

To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain!

XL

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call:
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known injury.
Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

XLI

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;

And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd?
Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forced to break a two-fold truth:
  Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee;
  Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said, I loved her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love
  her;
And for my sake, even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross;
  But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;
  Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,

And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show
thee me.

XLIV

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth removed from thee:
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought,
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
gone,
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide:
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
Until life's composition be recured
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assured
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
This told, I joy; but then, no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow sad.

XLVI

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.
My heart doth plead that thou in him doth lie,
(A closet never pierced with crystal eyes,)
But the defendant doth that plea deny,
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;
And by their verdict is determined

The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
And each doth good turns now unto the other.
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
So, either by thy picture or my love,
Thyself away art present still with me;
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
And I am still with them, and they with thee;
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust:
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure words of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
"Thus far the miles are measured from thy friend!"
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee.
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed:
From where thou art why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;

Therefore desire (of perfect'st love being made)
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
Towards thee I 'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;

On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.
In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

LIV

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses.
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

LV

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;

But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still find
room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear this world out to the ending doom.
So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI

Sweet love, renew thy force: be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with fulness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
Let this sad interim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore, where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd,
more rare.

LVII

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are how happy you make those.
So true a fool is love, that in your will
(Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure.
O! let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty:
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong

And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee,
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;

And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.
'T is thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn.
When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's king,
Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring:
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen,
And they shall live, and he in them still green.

LXIV

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate,—
That Time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
O fearful meditation! where, alack,
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?

Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
O, none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

LXVI

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry;—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,

And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?
Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
O! him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty lived and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
In him those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;

All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that due,
Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is
crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
Then (churls) their thoughts, although their eyes
were kind,
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soil is this—that thou dost common grow

LXX

That thou art blamed shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII

O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceaséd I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart.
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,

And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth

LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west.
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV

But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review

The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
The prey of worms, my body being dead;
The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
Too base of thee to be remembered.
The worth of that is that which it contains,
And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found:
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by-and-by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?

Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So, all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love, still telling what is told.

LXXVII

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties wear,
Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
And of this book this learning may'st thou taste:
The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace:
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford

No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

LXXX

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame:
But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this,—my love was my decay

LXXXI

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,

Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read ;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead ;
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen),
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.

LXXXII

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise ;
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love ; yet when they have devised
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathised
In true plain words, by thy true-telling friend ;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is abused.

LXXXIII

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set ;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt :
And therefore have I slept in your report,

That you yourself, being extant, well might
show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a
tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your
praises worse.

LXXXV

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiled,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses filled.
I think good thoughts, whilst others write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen"
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praised, I say, "'T is so, 't is true."
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before:
Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

LXXXVI

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,

Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.
I was not sick of any fear from thence;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII

When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I 'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
And I will comment upon that offence;
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,
Against thy reasons making no defence.
Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I 'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I 'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate

XC

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,

Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure:
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end.
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
O! what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what 's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

XCIII

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place;
For there can live no hatred in thine eye;
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange;
But Heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,

Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness
tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
Cannot dispraise, but in a kind of praise;
Naming thy name blesses an ill report.

O! what a mansion have those vices got,
Which for their habitation chose out thee,
Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.

XCVI

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport;
Both grace and faults are loved of more and less:
Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
As on the finger of a throned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!
And yet this time removed was summer's time;

The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;
Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter 's near.

XCVIII

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him:
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those,
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX

The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that smells,

If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells,
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair:
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to this robbery had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

C

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent:
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

CI

O truant Muse! what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be praised of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming,
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays:
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,

But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight,
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look in it.

CIV

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived:
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
"Fair, kind, and true," is all my argument,
"Fair, kind, and true," varying to other words:
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
"Fair, kind, and true," have often lived alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Supposed as forfeit to a confined doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I 'll live in this poor rhyme,

While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII

What 's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age;
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there bred,
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

CIX

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,

Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kind of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX

Alas! 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving breast.

CXI

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,

That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong.
In so profound abysm I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks they 're dead.

CXIII

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch:
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrue.

CXIV

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O! 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:

Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering things:
Alas! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "Now I love you best,"
When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

CXVI

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:

O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth 's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love 's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

CXVII

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchased right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight
Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate:
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseased, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured;
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbecks foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,

Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.
So I return rebuked to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

CXX

That you were once unkind, befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you 've passed a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosom fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
me.

CXXI

'T is better to be vile, than vile-esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.
For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?

Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to razed oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,

To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

CXXIV

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thralled discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with showers.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have lived for crime.

CXXV

Were 't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent;
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?
No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXXVI

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour:
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
For since each hand hath put on nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profaned, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXXVIII

How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,

O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;
Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream. [well
All this the world well knows; yet none knows
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight

Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st, to my dear-doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say, that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear,
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

CXXXII

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,

Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.
O! let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part:
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd,
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol:
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgaged to thy will,
Myself I 'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still:
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus;
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus,
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*

One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none:
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
For nothing me, a something sweet to thee:
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is *Will*.

CXXXVII

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,

Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot,
Which mine heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
In things right-true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague are they now transferr'd.

CXXXVIII

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best.
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX

O! call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

CXL

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
No news but health from their physicians know:
For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
And in my madness might speak ill of thee;

Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go wide.

CXLI

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;
But 't is my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleased to dote.
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find its merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,

That have profaned their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

CXLIII

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,
Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy *Will*,
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:

The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was used in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away:
"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And saved my life, saying—"not you."

CXLVI

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Hemm'd with these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And, Death once dead, there 's no more dying then.

CXLVII

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest:
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,

At random from the truth vainly express'd ;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII

O me ! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight !
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's : no,
How can it ? O ! how can Love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears ?
No marvel then though I mistake my view ;
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.
O cunning Love ! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX

Canst thou, O cruel ! say, I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake ?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake ?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend ?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon ?

Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness raised love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?

Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults, thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it, that I call
Her "love" for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjured most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjured I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a lie!

CLIII

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fired.
The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desired,
And thither hied, a sad-distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress' eyes.

CLIV

The little Love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.

This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

POEMS

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unskilful in the world's false forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although I know my years be past the best,
I smiling credit her false-speaking tongue,
Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest.
But wherefore says my love that she is young?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I 'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smother'd be.

II

Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,

And would corrupt a saint to be a devil,
Wooing his purity with her fair pride:
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III

Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world could not hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

IV

Sweet Cytherea, sitting by a brook,
With young Adonis, lovely, fresh, and green,
Did court the lad with many a lovely look,

Such looks as none could look but beauty's queen.
She told him stories to delight his ear;
She show'd him favours to allure his eye;
To win his heart, she touch'd him here and there:
Touches so soft still conquer chastity.
But whether unripe years did want conceit,
Or he refused to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibbler would not touch the bait
But smile and jest at every gentle offer:
Then fell she on her back, fair queen, and toward:
He rose and ran away; ah, fool too froward!

V

If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love?
O! never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd:
Though to myself forsworn, to thee I 'll constant prove;
Those thoughts, to me like oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.
Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,
Where all those pleasures live, that art can comprehend.
If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;

Well learned is that tongue that well can thee
commend;
All ignorant that soul that sees thee without
wonder,
Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts
admire:
Thine eye Jove's lightning seems, thy voice his
dreadful thunder,
Which (not to anger bent) is music and sweet fire.
Celestial as thou art, O! do not love that
wrong,
To sing heaven's praise with such an earthly
tongue.

VI

Scarce had the sun dried up the dewy morn,
And scarce the herd gone to the hedge for shade,
When Cytherea, all in love forlorn,
A longing tarriance for Adonis made,
Under an osier growing by a brook,
A brook, where Adon used to cool his spleen:
Hot was the day; she hotter that did look
For his approach, that often there had been.
Anon he comes, and throws his mantle by,
And stood stark naked on the brook's green
brim;
The sun look'd on the world with glorious eye,
Yet not so wistly as this queen on him:
He, spying her, bounced in, whereas he stood:
"O Jove," quoth she, "why was not I a flood?"

VII

Fair is my love, but not so fair as fickle;
Mild as a dove, but neither true nor trusty;
Brighter than glass, and yet, as glass is, brittle;
Softer than wax, and yet as iron rusty:
A lily pale, with damask dye to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she join'd,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coin'd,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw outburneth;
She framed the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a-turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,

Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute (the queen of music) makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign;
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,
* * * * * *
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adon's sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep-up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She, silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
"Once," quoth she, "did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh," quoth she, "here was the sore,"
She showéd hers: he saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X

Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon vaded,
Pluck'd in the bud, and vaded in the spring!
Bright orient pearl, alack, too timely shaded!
Fair creature, kill'd too soon by death's sharp sting!
Like a green plum that hangs upon a tree,
And falls, through wind, before the fall should be.

I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
For why thou left'st me nothing in thy will:
And yet thou left'st me more than I did crave;
For why I craved nothing of thee still:
O yes, dear friend, I pardon crave of thee;
Thy discontent thou didst bequeath to me.

XI

Venus, with young Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, so she fell to him.
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god embraced me;"
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms:
"Even thus," quoth she, "the warlike god unlaced me,"
As if the boy should use like loving charms.

"Even thus," quoth she, "he seized of my lips,"
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

XII

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame:
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee; O, sweet shepherd! hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good;
A shining gloss that vadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass, that 's broken presently:
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, vaded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are seld or never found,
As vaded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty blemish'd once 's for ever lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

XIV

Good night, good rest. Ah! neither be my share:
She bade good-night, that kept my rest away;
And daff'd me to a cabin hang'd with care,
To descant on the doubts of my decay.
"Farewell," quoth she, "and come again to-morrow:"
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.

Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:
'T may be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
'T may be, again to make me wander thither:
"Wander," a word for shadows like thyself,
As take the pain, but cannot pluck the pelf.

XV

Lord, how mine eyes throw gazes to the east!
My heart doth charge the watch; the morning rise

Doth cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not daring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;

For she doth welcome daylight with her ditty,
And drives away dark dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow changed to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow:
For why, she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, shine sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day; good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

XVI

It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

Long was the combat doubtful, that love with
love did fight,
To leave the master loveless, or kill the gallant
knight:
To put in practice either, alas! it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel.

But one must be refused; more mickle was the
pain,
That nothing could be used, to turn them both
to gain;
For of the two the trusty knight was wounded
with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it.

Thus art with arms contending was victor of the
day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away;
Then lullaby, the learned man hath got the lady
For now my song is ended. [gay:

XVII

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath

"Air," quoth he, "thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet:
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love."

XVIII

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
  All is amiss:
Love 's denying,
Faith 's defying,
Heart 's renying,
  Causer of this.
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost, God wot:
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is placed without remove.
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
  O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
  More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorn me,
  Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help needing,
O cruel speeding!
  Fraughted with gall.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep
Procure to weep,
  In howling wise to see my doleful plight.
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
  Like a thousand vanquish'd men in bloody fight!

Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
  Forth their dye;
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
  Fearfully:

All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled,
All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
Poor Corydon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX

Whenas thine eye hath chose the dame,
And stall'd the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial wight:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
A cripple soon can find a halt:
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;

And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say,—
"Had women been so strong as men,
In faith, you had not had it then."

And to her will frame all thy ways:
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Seek never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, though she put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward show,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,

The cock that treads them shall not know.
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

Think women still to strive with men,
To sin and never for to saint:
There is no heaven, by holy then,
When time with age shall them attaint.
Were kisses all the joys in bed,
One woman would another wed.

But, soft! enough,—too much, I fear;
For if my mistress hear my song,
She will not stick to ring my ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long:
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so bewray'd.

XX

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies;

A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Love's Answer

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

XXI

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
"Fie, fie, fie!" now would she cry;
"Tereu, Tereu!" by-and-by;

That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd
Thou and I were both beguil'd:
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend,
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,

They have him at commandement:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee does bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE PHŒNIX AND THE TURTLE

LET the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul precurrer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
Love and constancy is dead;
Phœnix and the turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

So they loved, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number there in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
'Twixt the turtle and his queen:
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine,
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appall'd,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was call'd.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together;
To themselves yet either neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.

Death is now the phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest,

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty brag, but 't is not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

A Lover's Complaint

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits to attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sad-tuned tale;
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcass of a beauty spent and done:
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit; but, spite of Heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited characters,
Laundering the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what content it bears;

As often shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her levell'd eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battery to the spheres intend;
Sometime, diverted, their poor balls are tied
To the orbed earth; sometimes they do extend
Their view right on; anon their gazes lend
To every place at once, and nowhere fix'd,
The mind and sight distractedly commix'd.

Her hair, nor loose, nor tied in formal plat,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride:
For some, untuck'd, descended her sheaved hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still bid bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of beaded jet,
Which one by one she in a river threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that let not bounty fall
Where want cries some, but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she perused, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood;

Crack'd many a ring of posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet moe letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enswathed, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bathed she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan to tear;
Cried, "O false blood, thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned
here."
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that grazed his cattle nigh,—
Sometime a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,—
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew;
And, privileged by age, desires to know
In brief the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promised in the charity of age.

"Father," she says, "though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

"But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit,—it was to gain my grace,—
Of one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face.
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodged, and newly deified.

"His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silken parcels hurls.
What 's sweet to do, to do will aptly find:
Each eye that saw him did enchant the mind;
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in Paradise was sawn.

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin:
His phœnix down began but to appear,
Like unshorn velvet, on that termless skin,
Whose bare out-bragg'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,

And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

"His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maiden-tongued he was, and thereof free;
Yet, if men moved him, was he such a storm
As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,
When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.
His rudeness so, with his authorised youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

"Well could he ride, and often men would say,
'That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection, noble by the sway,
What rounds, what bounds, what course, what stop he makes!'
And controversy hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his manage by the well-doing steed.

"But quickly on this side the verdict went:
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions, yet their purposed trim
Pieced not his grace, but were all graced by him.

"So on the tip of his subduing tongue
All kind of arguments and question deep,

All replication prompt, and reason strong,
For his advantage still did wake and sleep:
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep,
He had the dialect and different skill,
Catching all passions in his craft of will:

"That he did in the general bosom reign
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunted:
Consents bewitch'd, ere he desire, have granted,
And dialogued for him what he would say,
Ask'd their own wills, and made their wills obey.

"Many there were that did his picture get,
To serve their eyes, and in it put their mind;
Like fools that in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd;
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

"So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly supposed them mistress of his heart.
My woful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple (not in part),
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserved the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

"Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desired, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks builded
Of proofs new-bleeding, which remain'd the foil
Of this false jewel, and his amorous spoil.

"But, ah! who ever shunn'd by precedent
The destined ill she must herself assay?
Or forced examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-pass'd perils in her way?
Counsel may stop awhile what will not stay;
For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

"Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof;
To be forbod the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though Reason weep, and cry, 'It is thy last.'

"For further I could say, 'This man's untrue,'
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters and words merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

"And long upon these terms I held my city,
Till thus he 'gan besiege me: 'Gentle maid,
Have of my suffering youth some feeling pity,
And be not of my holy vows afraid:
That 's to ye sworn, to none was ever said;
For feasts of love I have been call'd unto,
Till now did ne'er invite, nor never woo.

"'All my offences that abroad you see,
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not: with acture they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

"'Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen,
Or any of my leisures ever charm'd:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harm'd;
Kept hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchy.

"'Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me

Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the encrimson'd mood;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

"'And, lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have received from many a several fair
(Their kind acceptance weepingly beseech'd),
With the annexions of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sonnets, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

"'The diamond, why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his invised properties did tend;
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smiled, or made some moan.

"'Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensived and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charged me that I hoard them not,
But yield them up where I myself must render;
That is, to you, my origin and ender:
For these, of force, must your oblations be,
Since I their altar, you enpatron me.

"'O! then advance of yours that phraseless hand,
Whose white weighs down the airy scale of praise;
Take all these similes to your own command,
Hallow'd with sighs that burning lungs bid raise;
What me, your minister, for you obeys,
Works under you; and to your audit comes
Their distract parcels in combined sums.

"'Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms dote:
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,
To spend her living in eternal love.

"'But O, my sweet! what labour is 't to leave
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?
Playing the place which did no form receive;
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyves?
She that her fame so to herself contrives,
The scars of battle 'scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

"'O, pardon me, in that my boast is true!
The accident which brought me to her eye,
Upon the moment did her force subdue,
And now she would the caged cloister fly;
Religious love put out Religion's eye:
Not to be tempted, would she be immured,
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

"'How mighty then you are, O, hear me tell!
The broken bosoms that to me belong
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,
And mine I pour your ocean all among:
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,
Must for your victory us all congest,
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

"'My parts had power to charm a sacred nun,
Who, disciplined, ay, dieted in grace,
Believed her eyes, when they to assail begun,
All vows and consecrations giving place.
O most potential love! vow, bond, nor space,
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine,
For thou art all, and all things else are thine.

"'When thou impressest, what are precepts worth
Of stale example? When thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame!
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,
'gainst shame;
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,
The aloes of all forces, shocks, and fears.

"'Now, all these hearts that do on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groans they pine,
And supplicant their sighs to you extend,
To leave the battery that you make 'gainst mine,
Lending soft audience to my sweet design,

And credent soul to that strong-bonded oath,
That shall prefer and undertake my troth.'

"This said, his watery eyes he did dismount,
Whose sights till then were levell'd on my face;
Each cheek a river running from a fount
With brinish current downward flow'd apace.
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!
Who glazed with crystal gate the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

"O father, what a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
But with the inundation of the eyes
What rocky heart to water will not wear?
What breast so cold that is not warmed here?
O cleft effect! cold modesty, hot wrath,
Both fire from hence and chill extincture hath!

"For, lo! his passion, but an art of craft,
Even there resolved my reason into tears;
There my white stole of chastity I daff'd;
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears:
Appear to him, as he to me appears,
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to cautels, all strange forms receives,

Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or swounding paleness; and he takes and leaves,
In either's aptness, as it best deceives
To blush at speeches rank, to weep at woes,
Or to turn white, and swound at tragic shows:

"That not a heart which in his level came
Could 'scape the hail of his all-hurting aim,
Showing fair nature is both kind and tame;
And, veil'd in them, did win whom he would maim:
Against the thing he sought he would exclaim;
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,
He preached pure maid, and praised cold chastity.

"Thus merely with the garment of a Grace
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;
That the unexperient gave the tempter place,
Which, like a cherubin, above them hover'd.
Who, young and simple, would not be so lover'd?
Ah me! I fell; and yet do question make,
What I should do again for such a sake.

"O, that infected moisture of his eye!
O, that false fire, which in his cheek so glow'd!
O, that forced thunder from his heart did fly!
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd!
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,
And new pervert a reconciled maid!"

NOTES

SONNETS

XVI. 10. **This, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen . . . . can make you live, &c.**—Even the master, Time, cannot perpetuate your beauty, much less my 'pupil pen.'

XXI. 5. **A couplement of proud compare.** — An identification of the object of praise with the thing it is compared with.

XXIII. 4. **For fear of trust.** — Restrained by uncertainty of your belief in my passionate lines.

XXIII. 12. **More than that tongue, &c.**—(Let my books tell) more than the best eloquence of that tongue, which has expressed itself more fully and more eloquently at other times.

XXIII. 14. **To hear with eyes, &c.**—To enhance the senses to an interchange of their properties is love's wisdom.

XXVI. 11. **Puts apparel on my tattered loving.**—Gives the opportunity of publishing the written sheets.

XLIII. 5. **Whose shadow shadows doth make bright.**—Whose image illuminates the darkness of night.

XLIV. 11. **Of earth and water wrought.**—Composed so largely of earth and water. Alluding to the old belief that all beings were composed of the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water. The *earth and water* are the two 'gross' elements. (*Cf.* XLV. 1, and Cleopatra's 'I am fire and air; my other elements I give to baser life.'—*Antony and Cleopatra*, V. ii. p. 184.)

XLVI. 2. **The conquest of thy sight.** — The first claim to the sight of thee (referring to a picture).

LI. 14. **Towards thee I'll run, &c.**—*Cf.* 'Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.'—*Two Gentlemen*, III. i. p. 82.

LV. 14. **Dwell in lovers' eyes.**—Remain perpetuated in the picture visioned in the eyes of lovers by my verse.

LXXVII. 12. **Take a new acquaintance of thy mind.** —The thoughts thus set down will, like growing children, seem changed when you return to their perusal. [The sonnet is accompanied by a 'book' of writing tablets.]

LXXVIII. 4. **Under thee their poesy disperse.**— Obtain thy patronage for the dissemination of their verse.

LXXIX. 5. **Thy lovely argument.** — The inspiring theme thou art.

LXXXIV. 14. **Being fond on praise, &c.**—Your love of praise only brings you worthless exaggerations.

XCIV. 14. **Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.**—*Cf. Edward III.*, II. i., printed in 1596:

> "Poison shows worst in a golden cup;
> Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
> *Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds*,
> And every glory that inclines to sin,
> The same is treble by the opposite."

CVII. 5. **The mortal moon, &c.**—This is considered to be an allusion to the death of Queen Elizabeth.

CVII. 12. **Dull and speechless tribes**—*i.e.* the dead.

CX. 7. **Gave my heart another youth.**—Restored the youthful love of my heart.

CXXIV. 7. **It suffers not in smiling pomp . . . . calls.** — Probably an allusion to the many insurrections during Elizabeth's reign.

CXXIV. 11. **But all alone stands hugely politic.** —Being based on its own integrity alone, it stands unmoved in sublime permanence.

CXXIV. 14. **Which die for goodness who have lived for crime.** — Prof. Dowden suggests: "Whose death was a virtue, since their life was a crime," but more probably the meaning is, that changing for once their criminal policy, and acting on good impulse, they sacrifice the life they have hitherto unworthily preserved.

CXXVI.—As this poem contains only twelve lines, the printers of the Quarto supposed it to be an incomplete sonnet, and denoted the omission of two lines by a bracket. It concludes one series of the *Sonnets*.

CXXVII. 1. **Black was not counted fair.**—Dark complexion and hair were quite out of favour in Elizabethan times, largely because of the Queen's fair complexion. In this sonnet Shakspere also emphasises his objection to face-painting and false hair, by declaring his dark mistress to be so lovely in her *unpainted* beauty as to compel the judgment: 'beauty should look so.'

CXXVII. 9. **Eyes.**—Staunton proposed '*brows*'; Walker and Delius, '*hairs*.' Mrs. Stopes says, "It is evident that '*hairs*' was intended."

CXLIII. 13. **Thy Will**—*i.e.* 'Thy hope' (l. 11) = the poet's friend, *Will*.

CXLVI. 2. **Hemm'd with these rebel powers that thee array.**—The Quarto reads:

"My sinfull earth these rebel powers that thee array."

Various emendations have been suggested. The Cambridge editors prefer to leave a blank at the commencement of the line, thus:

". . . . these rebel powers that thee array.'

The reading of the text best harmonises with the general meaning of the sonnet, and involves the least alteration of the original line. (Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 1022, "*Hemm'd* with thieves.")

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

I., II.—These two sonnets reappear with slight alterations as Nos. CXXXVIII. and CXLIV. of the *Sonnets*.

III.—This is Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. p. 83, with a few variations.

V.—Biron's sonnet to Rosaline in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. ii. p. 76, with slight differences.

VIII.—Probably by Richard Barnfield. It was published as a Sonnet in *Poems of Divers Humors* in 1598, a year before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

VIII. 5. **Dowland.**—John Dowland, a celebrated lutist and composer. A number of his songs appear in Bullen's *Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books*, reprinted from Dowland's original Song-Books which appeared in 1597, 1600, and 1603.

XI.—This sonnet is by Bartholomew Griffin, though considerably altered from his original, which appeared in 1596, as No. III. in his volume of Sonnets published under the title, "*Fidessa, more chaste than kinde.*"

XII.—The authorship is not known. Mr. Halliwell-Phillips says: "It is the earliest known version of a popular ditty frequently noticed by writers of the seventeenth century."

XIII.—Generally attributed to the same unknown author as No. X.

XVII.—This is Dumain's ode to Kate in *Love's Labour's Lost*, with one or two verbal alterations, omitting the couplet:

> "Do not call it sin in me,
> That I am forsworn of thee.'

XVII. 16. **Ethiop.**—Owing to the current distaste for dark complexion in Elizabethan times, Ethiopian signifies the extreme antithesis of beauty.

XVIII. — This poem appeared in 1597, and again in 1600—the first time in Weelkes's *Madrigals;* and the second in *England's Helicon*, with the signature 'Ignoto.' Bullen conjectures Richard Barnfield to be the author.

XIX. 45. **By holy then.**—The only suggestion that seems to offer any satisfactory explanation of this phrase is Prof. Littledale's comment that "'By holy!' is still a common exclamation in Ireland."

XX.—This is by Marlowe, and was reprinted in *England's Helicon*, 1600. The *Answer* was probably written by Sir Walter Raleigh 'in his younger days.'

XXI.—By Richard Barnfield. It had already appeared in *Poems of Divers Humors* (1598).

XXI. 14. **Tereu, Tereu!** — An imitation of the nightingale's note; with allusion to Philomela, who was transformed into a nightingale after her ravishment by Tereus.

GLOSSARY

P.P. = *The Passionate Pilgrim.* Ph. = *The Phœnix and the Turtle.*
L.C. = *A Lover's Complaint.*

Abuse: maltreat. xlii. 7.
Accorded: agreed. L.C. 3.
Accumulate: add, heap up. cxvii. 10.
Act: fact. clii. 3.
Acture: action. L.C. 185.
Adder's sense: *i.e.* deafness (the deafness of the adder was proverbial). cxii. 10.
Admire: wonder at. cxxiii. 5.
Advance: uplift. lxxxviii. 13.
Advantage: opportunity. cliii. 2.
Advised respects: well-considered motives. xlix. 4.
Against: against the time when. lxiii. 1; "stand ——," bears the scrutiny of. xxxviii. 6.
Aggravate: increase. cxlvi. 10.
Alchymy: chemistry. xxxiii. 4; alluding to the transmutation of other metals into gold. cxiv. 4.
All-oblivious: all-obliterating. lv. 9.
Allow: recognise. cxii. 4.
Aloes: bitterness. L.C. 273.
Amazeth: bewilders, confounds. xx. 8.
Ambush: veiled assaults. lxx. 9.
Amiss: offence. xxxv. 7.
Annexions: additions. L.C. 208.
Approve: prove. lxx. 5; find by experience. cxlvii. 7.
Argument: theme, subject-matter. xxxviii. 3.
Art: knowledge. xiv. 9; learning. lxvi. 9.
Arts: scholarship. lxxviii. 12.
As: such as. lxvi. 2; that. lxxviii. 3.
Assay: essay, attempt. L.C. 156.
Astonished: astounded. lxxxvi. 8.
Astronomy: astrology. xiv. 2.
Attaint: disgrace, blame. lxxxii. 2.
Bail: "without all ——," refusing all bail; finally. lxxiv. 2; out on bail. cxxxiii. 10.
Ban: curse. P.P. xix. 20.
Bare: "all ——," alone. ciii. 3; bareness. L.C. 95.
Base: low-lying. xxxiv. 3; sensual. cxli. 6.
Bat: a heavy staff. L.C. 64.
Bay: "at this ——," thus in my power. P.P. xi. 13.
Bears it out: abides. cxvi. 12.
Beated: scored, flayed. lxii. 10.
Becoming of: so beautiful in. xcxvii. 13.
Bevel = slanting; crooked. cxxi. 11.
Bias: particular bent (a term from the game of bowls). P.P. v. 5.
Black: dark complexion. cxxvii. 1.
Blanks: blank pages. lxxvii. 10.
Blazon: glorification (heraldic term). cvi. 5.
Blazon'd: set forth, interpreted. L.C. 217.
Blenches: divergences, sudden changes. cx. 7.
Blend: blended. L.C. 215.

Blood: passion. cix. 10; L.C. 162.
Blots: deficiencies (of rank). xxxvi. 3.
Blunt: inapt. ciii. 7.
Bonds: claims. lxxxvii. 4.
Brave: beautiful. xii. 2; defy. xii. 14; gaily decked. P.P. xii. 4.
Bravery: pageantry, glory. xxxiv. 4.
Breathers: *i.e.* those now living. lxxxi. 12.
Bred: incorporated. cxii. 13.
Can: is skilled in. Ph. 14.
Canker: canker-worm (*i.e.* deadly evil). xxxv. 4; lxx. 7; xcv. 2.
Canker-blooms: dog-roses, wild roses. liv. 5.
Canopy: "bore the ——," *i.e.* rendered outward homage. cxxv. 1.
Captain: chief. lii. 8.
Carcanet: necklace. lii. 8.
Case: dress, condition. cviii. 9; dress. L.C. 116.
Cast his utmost sum: become bankrupt. xlix. 3.
Cautels: deceits. L.C. 303.
Censures: judges. cxlviii. 4.
Changes: "or ——," regards the criticism of. cxii. 8.
Character: writing. lxxxv. 3; to write. cviii. 1.
Characters: figures, ornamentation. L.C. 16.
Charge: upbraid. P.P. xv. 2.
Charged: assailed. lxx. 10.
Charter: privilege, patent. lviii. 9.
Cheater: escheator (an officer of the Exchequer). cli. 3.
Check: chide. cxxxvi. 1.
Chest: "Time's ——," the grave. lxv. 10.
Chide: discuss, argue. cxi. 1.
Chopp'd = chapped; scarred. lxii. 10.
Churl: niggard. i. 12.
Civil: decorous. L.C. 298.
Clean: utterly. lxxv. 10.
Cleft: divided, double. L.C. 293.
Clip: embrace. P.P. xi. 14.
Colour: (1) pretence, (2) hue. ci. 6.
Comment: determine the action. xv. 4; discourse. lxxxix. 2.
Compare: comparison. xxi. 5.
Compile: compose. lxxviii. 9.
Conceit: consideration, idea, conception. xv. 9; xxvi. 7; cviii. 13; understanding. P.P. iv. 9; imagination. P.P. viii. 9.
Confound: destroy. lx. 8.
Confounds: wastes. viii. 7.
Congest: absorb. L.C. 258.
Content: what thou dost contain. i. 11.
Contents: "these ——," the contents of these poems. lv. 3.
Contracted: betrothed. i. 5.
Controlling: subduing, outshining. xx. 7.
Convert: turn thy mind. xiv. 12.
Converted: turned away. vii. 11.
Convertest: dost pass away to age. xi. 4.
Copy: original design. xi. 14; describe. lxxxiv. 9.
Cost: that on which wealth has been expended. lxiv. 2.
Count: account, debt. ii. 11.
Counterfeit: portrait. xvi. 8; liii. 5.
Courses: annual circuits. lix. 6.
Credent: credulous. L.C. 279.
Cries: demands. L.C. 42.
Crooked eclipses: malignant influences. lx. 7.
Cross: mishap. P.P. xviii. 13.
Curious: critical (implying the antithesis of 'simple'). xxxviii. 13; careful. L.C. 49.
Cytherea: Venus. P.P. iv. 1; P.P. vi. 3.
Daff'd: sent me off. P.P. xiv. 3; doffed, put off. L.C. 297.
Damask'd: variegated. cxxx. 5.
Date: limit. xiv. 14.
Dateless: endless. xxx. 6; cliii. 6.
Dates: periods, lives. cxxiii. 5.
Deal: "no ——," nothing. P.P. xviii. 27.
Dear: devoted, loving. xlvi. 12.

Dearest: extremest. xxxvii. 3.
Debate: strife, hostility. lxxxix. 8.
Debateth: strives, wrestles. xv. 11.
Decay: cause of destruction. lxxx. 14.
Defeat: drive away. lxi. 11.
Defeated: defrauded. xx. 11.
Defect: "be thy ——," prove thee faulty. lxx. 1; faults, failings. cxlix. 11.
Defy: scorn. P.P. xii. 11.
Delves: ploughs. lx. 10.
Descant: comment. P.P. xiv. 4.
Determinate: relinquished, expired. lxxxvii. 4.
Determination: extinction, death (a legal term). xiii. 6.
Discloses: unfolds. liv. 8.
Dismount: lower. L.C. 281.
Dispense: "how with my neglect I do——," what causes my indifference. cxii. 12.
Distillation: *i.e.* of the perfume of flowers. v. 9.
Distract: separate. L.C. 231.
Doubting: fearing. lxxv. 6.
Dressings: redecorations. cxxiii. 4.
Drop in for: come in later as. xc. 4.
Dull: weary, oppress. cii. 14.
Dulling: rendering dull. ciii. 8.
Dulness: heaviness. lvi. 8.
Dwellers on: strivers for. cxxv. 5.
Eager: sharp, acid. cxviii. 2.
Earth: body. cxlvi. 1.
Ecstasy: excitement. L.C. 69.
Effect: "sole——," utter reality. xxxvi. 7.
Effectually: 'to all intents and purposes.' cxiii. 4.
Eisel: vinegar. cxi. 10.
Enlarged: regaining liberty. lxx. 12.
Enlighten: glorify, envelop in light. clii. 11.
Ensconce: shelter. xlix. 9.
Entitled in thy parts: laying claim to supremacy among thy gifts. xxxvii. 7.
Essays: experiments. cx. 8.
Esteem: reputation. cxxvii. 12.
Estimate: accredited value, worth. lxxxvii. 2.
Except: refuse. cxlvii. 8.
Exchanged: altered. cix. 7.
Exhale: draw up. P.P. iii. 11.
Expense: waste, dissipation. xciv. 6.
Expiate: terminate, come to an end. xxii. 4.
Extern: outward appearance. cxxv. 2.
Extincture: extinction. L.C. 294.
Fair: beauty. xvi. 11; xviii. 7.
Fair aspect: favourable astrological position. xxvi. 10.
Fairly: in beauty. v. 4.
Fancy: love. P.P. xix. 4.
Favour: countenance.' cxiii. 10; outward appearance. cxxv. 5.
Feat: featly, skilfully, nimbly. L.C. 48.
Fee: pledge. cxx. 13.
Fell: cruel. lxxiv. 1.
Fester: rot. xciv. 14.
Figured: signalled. P.P. iv. 10.
Filed: polished. lxxxv. 4; fastidiously refined. P.P. xix. 8.
Fitted: started by attacks (*fits*) of fever. cxix. 7.
Five wits: *i.e.* common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, memory. cxli. 9.
Fleets: fleetest. xix. 5.
Fluxive: streaming. L.C. 50.
Foil: setting. L.C. 153.
Foison: abundance. liii. 9.
Fond: foolish. iii. 7; "being—— on," doting on. lxxxiv. 14.
Fools of time: those whom Time sports with. cxxiv. 13.
For: because. xl. 6.
For thee: on account of thee. xxvii. 14.
For thy hand: 'for stealing the whiteness of thy hand.' xcix. 6.
Forbod: forbidden (Old English *forboden*). L.C. 164.
Foregone: suffered in the past. xxx. 9.
Form: "set a —— upon," set forth the manner, show the need of. lxxxix. 6.

Forward: early. xcix. 1.
Foul: ugly. cxxxvii. 12.
Frank: liberal, bountiful. iv 4.
Free: generous. iv. 4.
Frequent: intimate. cxvii. 5.
Front: beginning. cii. 7.
Fury: poetic inspiration, frenzy. c. 3.
Gaudy: festive, gay. i. 10.
Gaze: object of admiration. v. 2.
Gender: race. Ph. 18.
General: chief, lord. cliv. 7.
Gilding: blessing, illuminating. xx. 6.
Give: ascribe. cxv. 14.
Gloss: a shining delusion. P.P. xiii. 5.
Go: walk. li. 14 (*see* Notes); cxxx. 11.
Gored mine own thoughts: wounded my self-esteem. cx. 3.
Gracious: full of grace. lxii. 5.
'Greeing: palatable. cxiv. 11.
Grind: whet. cx. 10.
Grossly: manifestly, obviously. xcix. 5.
Gust: taste. cxiv. 11.
Habit: attitude. cxxxviii. 11.
Happier men: more perfect poets. xxxii. 8.
Happies: makes happy. vi. 6.
Havings: accomplishments. L.C. 235.
Hearsay: flights of imagination, extravagant rhetoric. xxi. 13.
Heartless: silent, unresponsive. P.P. xviii. 35.
Heavy: morose. xcviii. 4.
Height: position (as of a guiding star in navigation). cxvi. 8.
Hive of straw: straw bonnet like a bee-hive. L.C. 8.
House: family. xiii. 9.
Hue: form, appearance (and implying 'colour'). xx. 7.
Husbandry: economy. xiii. 10.
Idle rank: poor dignity. cxxii. 1.
Ill-wresting: preventing, drawing away from right conclusions. cxl. 11.
Imaginary: imaginative. xxvii. 9.
Impannelled: shut up in the jury-box. xlvi. 9.
Impleached: entwined. L.C. 205.
Imprisoned . . . liberty: your absence, which is imprisonment to me though liberty to you. lviii. 6.
Indigest: unformed. cxiv. 5.
Indirectly: artificially. lxvii. 7.
Inhearse: entomb. lxxxvi. 3.
Injurious: hostile. xliv. 2.
Insufficiency: lack of virtue and beauty. cl. 2.
Insults o'er: triumphs over. cvii. 12.
Intend: bend, direct. xxvii. 6.
Interest of: tribute due to; just demand. xxxi. 7; property. lxxiv. 3.
Invention: imagination. xxxviii. 8.
Invised: (probably) unseen, invisible. L.C. 212.
Itself: as Nature made it, its natural self. lxviii. 10.
Jacks: keys of the virginal (the precursor of the piano). cxxviii. 5.
Just: punctual. cix. 7.
Keeps: guards. cxxxiii. 11.
Kirtle: gown. P.P. xx. 11.
Lace: adorn, embellish. lxvii. 4.
Lame: crippled, limited. xxxvii. 3.
Latch: seize upon, perceive. cxiii. 6.
Laundering: washing. L.C. 17.
Lay: lay on. ci. 7.
Learning: lesson. lxxvii. 4.
Leese: lose. v. 14.
Leisures: times of leisure. L.C. 193.
Level: aim. cxvii. 11; take aim. cxxi. 9.
Liberty: licence. xli. 1.
Light: "set me ——," esteem me of little worth. lxxxviii. 1.
Limbecks: alembics. cxix. 2.
Lines of life: living drawings, *i.e.* children. xvi. 9.
Linger out: prolong. xc. 8.
Live: subsist. iv. 8.

Love: "for ——," for love's sake, because of my love. li. 12.
Lovely: amorous. P.P. iv. 3.
Lovely argument: the theme of thy peerless beauty. lxxix. 5.
Lusty: vigorous. ii. 6.
Luxury: lust. L.C. 314.
Main of light: full flood of light, the radiance of childhood. lx. 5.
Makeless: mateless, widowed. ix. 4.
Manage: mastery of a horse. L.C. 112.
Manners: decorum. lxxxv. 1.
Map: chart, model. lxviii. 1.
Master: own, possess. cvi. 8; tutor. P.P. xvi. 6.
Master-mistress: (*cf.* Dedication, p. 28). xx. 2.
Matter: "no such ——," nothing of the kind. lxxxvii. 14.
Maund: basket. L.C. 36.
Memory: memorials. cxxii. 2.
Millioned: millionfold. cxv. 5.
Mind: thought. lix. 8.
Minion: darling, favourite. cxxvi. 9.
Misprision: mistake, error. lxxxvii. 11.
Moan: bemoan, bewail. xxx. 8.
Modern: ordinary, usual. lxxxiii. 7.
Moiety: share, portion. xlvi. 12.
More: additional privilege. xi. 11.
More and less: high and low. xcvi. 3.
Motley: fool, jester. cx. 2.
Mouthed: gaping, yawning. lxxvii. 6.
Music to hear: Thou, whose speech is music. viii. 1.
Napkin: handkerchief. L.C. 15.
Neglect: *i.e.* by others. cxii. 12.
Niggard: grudging (but precise). lxxii. 8.
Niggarding: being miserly, hoarding. i. 12.
Nill = ne will, will not. P.P. xiv. 8.
None: less even than one, nothing. viii. 14.
Note: reputation. L.C. 233.
Noted: familiar. lxxvi. 6.
Numbers: "fresh ——," new poems. xvii. 6.
Obsequious: funereal. xxxi. 5; devoted. cxxv. 9.
O'ergreen: cover up with verdure, overlay. cxii. 4.
O'erlook: peruse. lxxxii. 2.
O'erpressed: over-strained. cxxxix. 8.
Offices: duties. lxxvii. 13.
Oft predict: frequent indication. xiv. 8.
Old: "make my —— excuse," excuse my signs of age. ii. 11.
One on another's neck: one closely following another. cxxxi. 11.
Only: chief. i. 10.
Orchards: gardens. L.C. 171.
Orphans: posthumous children. xcvii. 10.
Over-goes: transcends. ciii. 7.
Owe: own, possess. lxx. 14.
Owest: possessest. xviii. 10.
Pace forth: stride, proceed. lv. 10.
Pack'd: gone, sent off. P.P. xv. 9.
Pandion: the father of Philomela (q.v.). P.P. xxi. 23.
Parallels: lines. lx. 10.
Part: divide. cxiii. 3.
Partake: take side against myself. cxlix. 2.
Parts of me: shares in me. xxxi. 11.
Pass: end, purpose. ciii. 11.
Passion: love-lyric. xx. 2.
Patent: privilege. lxxxvii. 8.
Peace: unresisting, permissive of all attacks. L.C. 271.
Peace of you: peaceful enjoyment of your presence. lxxv. 3.
Pelleted in tears: concentrated into tear-drops. L.C. 18.
Pensived: pensive. L.C. 219.
Perspective: a glass cut to produce an unusual optical effect (here the *eye* is the painter, through which, as through a *perspective*, the object is seen glorified). xxiv. 4.

Philomela: the nightingale. P.P. xv. 5. (*See* Note XXI. 14.)
Phœnix: incomparable. L.C. 93.
Phraseless: excelling all praise. L.C. 225.
Pitch: height (a term from falconry). vii. 9.
Pity-wanting: lacking (your) pity. cxl. 4.
Playing: (?) paling = enclosing. L.C. 241.
Plight: condition. xxviii. 1.
Pluck: derive. xiv. 1.
Pointing: appointing. xiv. 6.
Policy: selfish scheming. cxxiv. 9.
Posied: inscribed with mottoes. L.C. 45.
Practice: artifice. xix. 9.
Present: immediate. cxlix. 8.
Prevent'st: postponest. c. 14.
Pride: conquest. cli. 10.
Prime: spring. xcvii. 7.
Private: commonplace, ordinary. ix. 7.
Prizing: regarding, caring about. cxliii. 8.
Procure: contrive. P.P. xviii. 32.
Profitless usurer: one who takes no interest. iv. 7.
Proof: experience. L.C. 163.
Property: individuality, identity. Ph. 37.
Proud-pied: gaily particoloured. xcviii. 2.
Prove: become. viii. 14.
Pyramids: used typically for 'most stupendous and enduring structures.' cxxiii. 2.
Quest: jury. xlvi. 10.
Question make: ponder, consider. xii. 9.
Quietus: discharge, quittance. cxxvi. 12.
Rack: scudding, 'tattered' clouds. xxxiii. 6.
Ragged: rugged, rude. vi. 1.
Ranged: wandered, strayed away. cix. 5.
Rank: surfeited. cxviii. 12.
Razed: all-erasing. cxxii. 7.
Rearward: "in the ——," as an after-attack. xc. 6.
Receipt: capacity of containing. cxxxvi. 7.
Recured: restored. xlv. 9.
Region cloud: strata of cloud floating in the upper air, the sunlit *region*. xxxiii. 12.
Remembered: reminded. cxx. 9.
Removed: passed in thy absence. xcvii. 5.
Render: surrender. cxxvi. 14.
Renewed: regenerated. cxi. 8.
Rents: rends, tears. L.C. 55.
Renying: disowning. P.P. xviii. 7.
Repair: preservation. iii. 3.
Replication: repartee. L.C. 122.
Reserve: preserve. xxxii. 7; lxxxv. 8.
Respect: regard, consideration. xxvi. 12; xxxvi. 5.
Resty: lazy, torpid through inactivity. c. 9.
Retention: means of preserving records. cxxii. 9.
Revolt: faithlessness. xcii. 10.
Revolution: the revolving years. lix. 12.
Re-worded: echoed. L.C. 1.
Rid: relieve me of. cxxxix. 14.
Rondure: circle of the earth. xxi. 8.
Roof: the 'temple' of the body. x. 7.
Rotten smoke: foul, rotting vapour. xxxiv. 4.
Round: strike soundly. P.P. xix. 51.
Ruffle: stir, turmoil. L.C. 58.
Ruth: pity. cxxxii. 4.
Salutation: "give —— to," exchange greetings with. cxxi. 6.
Satire: satirist. c. 11.
Sawn: (?) sown. L.C. 91.
Scope: intellectual power. xxix. 7.
Seconds: baser quality (properly, an inferior kind of flour). cxxv. 11.
Seeing: "dead ——," mere appearance, seeming. lxvii. 6.
Seeming owed: which seemed to belong to him. L.C. 327.
Seld: seldom. P.P. xiii. 7.

Self-substantial: of thy own substance. i. 6.
Sense: reason, intellect. xxxv. 9.
Separable spite: separating, dividing inequality of position. xxxvi. 6.
Several: enclosed, private (in distinction from *common* land). (Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. p. 51, 'My lips are no common though *several* they be.') cxxxvii. 9.
Shadow: image. xxvii. 11.
Shadow's form: substance. xliii. 6.
Shady stealth: stealthy creeping of the shadow. lxvii. 7.
She: (used substantively). cxxx. 14.
Sheaved: straw. (See '*Hive of straw.*') L.C. 31.
Show: appear. cv. 2.
Sick: inactive. lxxix. 4.
Simplicity: folly. lxvi. 11.
Sit: be contained. ciii. 13.
Sleided: untwisted. L.C. 48.
Slept in your report: refrained from singing your praises. lxxxiii. 5.
Slight: light. xlv. 1.
Soil: (1) stain, (2) solution. lxix. 14.
Sourly: cruelly. xxxv. 14; ungraciously. xli. 8.
Sportive blood: (merely) exuberant jollity. cxxi. 6.
Stain: be darkened, be eclipsed. xxxiii. 14.
Stall'd: enclosed, secured. P.P. xix. 2.
State: radiant qualities. xcvi. 12; outward relations in affairs of State or Court. cxxiv. 1; *i.e.* complete devotion. cl. 12.
Statute: security, bond. (*Cf.* Shylock, 'I will have my bond,' *Merchant of Venice.*) cxxxiv. 1.
Steep-up: precipitous. vii. 5; P.P. ix. 5.
Steepy: *i.e.* the steep downhill of life, declivity. lxiii. 5.
Stell'd: fixed. xxiv. 1.
Stole: robe. L.C. 297.
Store: literally 'breeding-stock,' or 'seed-corn' retained for sowing. xi. 9; xiv. 12.
Stores': "in thy —— account," in the reckoning of thy possessions. cxxxvi. 10.
Strange: reserved, distant. lxxxix. 8.
Strange shadows: others' qualities. liii. 2.
Strangely: distantly. cx. 6.
Strength of laws: the whole sanction of the law. xlix. 13.
Stretched metre: exaggerated phrases. xvii. 12.
Subscribes: submits. cvii. 10.
Substance: 'shadow's form' (*see* xliii. 6). xliv. 1.
Sufferance: unresisting endurance. lviii. 7.
Suggest: tempt; (almost) 'exert occult influence over.' cxliv. 2.
Suit: dress, clothe. cxxxii. 12.
Suited: clad, *i.e.* being also black. cxxvii. 10.
Sum: 'square,' settle. ii. 11.
Summer's story: *i.e.* story of glowing fancy. xcviii. 7.
Suspect: suspicion. lxx. 3.
Swift extremity: the utmost swiftness. li. 6.
Swiftest hours: the full vigour of life, the prime of life. L.C. 60.
Sympathised: expressed, bodied forth with intimate truthfulness. lxxxii. 11.
Table: tablet. xxiv. 2.
Tables: writing-tablets. cxxii. 1.
Taken: calculated. cxvi. 8.
Talents: lockets. L.C. 204.
Tallies: sticks on which the score was kept by making notches. cxxii. 10.
Tame: tamed. lviii. 7.
Tan: soil, darken. cxv. 7.
Teen: fret, pain. L.C. 192.
Termless: inexpressible. L.C. 94.
Terms divine: endless time, eternity. cxlvi. 11.
That: so that. xcviii. 4.
Threne: dirge, threnody, song of lamentation. Ph. 49.

Thriftless: profitless. ii. 8.
Time: fleeting associations. xcvii. 6.
Timely: early. P.P. x. 3.
Time's fool: the dupe or victim of Time (*see* cxxiv. 13). cxvi. 9.
Times in hope: futurity. lx. 13.
Tires: head-dresses. liii. 8.
To have: at having. lxiv. 14.
Toward: docile, tractable. P.P. iv. 13.
Toys: caprices. P.P. xix. 39.
Treasure: enrich. vi. 3.
Treble-dated: thrice as long-lived as man. Ph. 17.
Triumphant: triumphal. cli. 10.
Truth: faith, pledge, allegiance. xli. 12; constancy. cx. 5.
Twire: twinkle and peep. xxviii. 12.
Tyrant: "all ——," wholly tyrannical, completely abusive (of myself). cxlix. 4.
Unapproved: unsubstantiated, unconfirmed. L.C. 53.
Unbless: neglect to bless. iii. 4.
Under eye: "each ——," the eyes of all dwellers on earth. vii. 2.
Uneared: unploughed. iii. 5.
Unfair: deprive of beauty. v. 4.
Unhappily: wantonly. lxvi. 4.
Unlook'd: neglected, overlooked. xxv. 4.
Unrespected: unnoticed. xliii. 2; uncared for. liv. 10.
Unthrift: spendthrift. ix. 9.
Untrue: falsely. lxxii. 10.
Up-till: against. P.P. xxi. 10.
Use: interest. vi. 5; cxxxiv. 10.
User: owner. ix. 12.
Vade: fade (an old dialectical form). liv. 14; P.P. x. 1; P.P. xiii. 2.
Vaunt: shoot up, grow rampantly. xv. 7.
View: the verdict of sight. cxli. 4.
Vulgar paper: 'hack' writer. xxxviii. 4.
Warrantise: security, mastery. cl. 7.
Waste of shame: shameful waste. cxxix. 1.
Watching: sleeplessness. cxlviii. 10.
Weed: garment. ii. 4.
Where: to the place where. xliv. 4.
Whether: pronounced 'whe'r.' lix. 11.
Wills: "in their ——," at will. cxxi. 8.
Wink: close my eyes (in sleep). xliii. 1; close. lvi. 6.
Wistly: wistfully. P.P. vi. 12.
Woo'd of time: assailed by passing temptations. lxx. 6.
Worth: occult influence. cxvi. 8.
Youngly: in the bloom of youth. xi. 8.
Yourself: *i.e.* with mastery over decay. xiii. 1.

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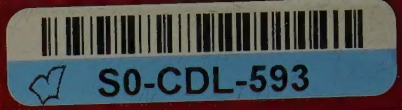
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